



MACLEANS

**War
Measures:**

**Get Your
Clothes On
Pauline
Julien,
You're
Coming
With Us**





Electrohome color TV

Perfect picture
with a gentle touch.

Owning a color TV is great. But tuning a color TV can be a problem.

Which is why Electrohome engineers developed Total Touch Tuning.

Total Touch Tuning means you select channels—even UHF channels—with a gentle touch on Electrohome's unique slide lever. No push. No twist. Just touch.

One touch locks in exclusive Electrolok Automatic Fine Tuning for the finest possible picture. Every time. There may be other automatic fine tuning controls, but there are none as foolproof or as accurate as Electrolok. That's why it's patented.

Another touch locks in all-new Electroint* for exactly the color balance you prefer. You tell the set, and the set remembers. Scene to scene, channel to channel, color balance stays exactly as you prefer. Everytime. (Best of all, set Electrolok and Electroint* once, and you'll probably never have to set them again. Ever.)

You vary color intensity to your personal taste with another gentle touch. And you adjust brightness the same way.

That's the exciting side of exclusive Electrohome Total Touch Tuning. Now for the practical story.

With all its magic, Electrohome Total Touch Tuning is actually more reliable than ordinary color TV. Because Electrohome engineers have eliminated the mechanical gizmos that can cause trouble.



Total Touch Tuning gives it's worth in three vivid photographs. Left: Picture without Electrolok and Electroint controls operating. Center: One touch and Electrolok provides instant fine tuning. Right: Another touch and Electroint locks in exactly the color you prefer.

Electrohome Total Touch Tuning may very well revolutionize color TV. And it was engineered, developed and perfected right here in Canada.

But don't choose Electrohome color TV just because it's Canadian.

Choose it because it's the most exciting thing that's happened to color TV in years.

And it's at your dealer's now.

It's part of the extra degree of excellence that's convincing more people to choose Electrohome.

Electrohome Limited, Kitchener, Ontario.



ELECTROHOME

31

The People's Committee, a housing community action group, got \$47,000 from the Newbridge government to convert a four-story stone apartment block into a home for an needy function.

32

Chief Dan George, 71, of Vancouver, made a breakthrough in the film "Big Bear", an Indian playing an Indian in a new movie. Chief George was asked recently by American television host Dick Cavalli if it was any secret being an Indian in Canada. "No," he replied.

33



Betty Clifford, the 17-year-old Canadian, was the world champion in the girls' slalom at Val d'Isere, Italy, in February and the women's special slalom at the World Cup championships in Val d'Isere, France, in December.

34

PARRY SOEDIN, Ontario, is probably best known today as the lover that gave hockey Bobby Orr. But it is also popular with cottagers and tourists by the thousands in a summer resort. It's a yesterday town, the kind of place you can run to when you want to forget about today. And yet, Parry Sound is not oblivious to today's problems. Parry Sound has its own branch of Pollution Probe.

Last summer 60 anti-pollution groups across Canada provided summer jobs for 270 university students in an environmental cleanup and research program organized by Pollution Probe at the University of Toronto and financed by John Labatt Brewery at London, Ont. It is one

of the most successful projects, 20 students working in eight teams tackled the problem of sewage disposal in the summer resort areas of Ontario and Quebec. Over the summer they talked to more than 25,000 people, and reached a further 40,000 through pamphlets, radio, television and newspapers.

The results? Seventy-seven college institutions agreed to launch education programs in the construction of adequate septic tanks and communal wastewater facilities. Thirty-six agreed to begin regular testing of sewage facilities. Twenty-five are going to begin bringing community pressure to bear on delinquent cottagers. And on the community level — with Parry Sound isn't the only Ontario small town with a Probe-type student group today, the students were equally persuasive in Blenheim, Twedd, Madoc, Greenbush, Midland and Orillia. □

35



Ben Telus, the young hockey star, signed a first-year contract with the Vancouver Canucks of the National Hockey League, which his manager, Alvin Epstein, called "the highest for any amateur that I know, including Bobby Orr." (He is believed to earn Telus around \$65,000 a year.)

36



Don Shoko produced and directed "Love Over The Road," a Canadian rose that was given — and popular

37

John Kinsman, an anthropologist at the University of British Columbia, received a grant of \$4,500 from the Canada Council to continue his research on the symbolism of the American Indian art dance.

38

Alfonso Garcia de la Huerta, 71, of Madrid, was a Spanish scholar at the University of Toronto where he will teach medieval Spanish history.

39



BILL SEDLITZMAN graduated from the University of British Columbia medical school in 1968 and is interested in New York City at the City Hospital Centre in Elmhurst, Queens. "It's a poor people's hospital," he says, "under-financed and understaffed. Doctors were overworked, the nursing was abominable. Patients with money could buy their way to the nurses to remove them. I felt that the patients were punished because they were poor."

His internship over, Dr. Sedlitzman returned to Vancouver last year and went into private practice. But he hadn't forgotten his experience at City Hospital Centre and when, after a few months back in Vancouver, he learned of REACH — Research and Educational Attack on Community Health — he volunteered his services.

REACH is a medical clinic affiliated with UBC and founded in 1969 by its present executive director, Dr.

Boyer. Today, who teaches community medicine at the university. It's housed in an old one-story wooden store in Vancouver's East End, an area populated mostly by Chinese, Indian and East Indian immigrants, poor people and social patients. REACH offers these people free health care — from volunteer doctors, dentists, podiatrists, psychologists, nurses, social workers, and students selected from all the schools of medical science — without red tape.

Sedlitzman, at 29 one of the youngest of the qualified REACH volunteers, puts in three four-hour shifts a week at the clinic, usually arriving in the evenings after 12 hours of office duty, hospital rounds and house calls. About 20 people, mostly young transients, were waiting to see him so he began his shift one recent Thursday. "These patients range from the mundane to the dramatic," says Sedlitzman. "They come with belly pain, sexual depression, sore throats, gonorrhea, bad drug trips, some unwanted pregnancies, anxiety and birth-control problems."

Sedlitzman isn't pious about the need he denounces to the clinic. "There's a constant rotation of new ideas and concepts here, and I want to do innovative things. I'm not interested in writing up my office five days a week following the same routine." □

40

Dr. A. E. Wood of Vancouver signed \$60,011 from the British Columbia medical services plan for services rendered in the three-year ending March 31, 1976.

41

Dr. Edward H. Swenson, a surgeon at Toronto General Hospital, developed a new surgical technique for the treatment of anal strictures. The device he patented, uses, strapdown the band, and then secures the patient in a portable steel frame until the bones knit together again.



For people with a taste for something better.



42



Carly Roddick, the 21-year-old daughter of a leader in the New Brunswick town of Fundy, holds a girl with one young prisoner when she demonstrated her father's instructions: "If anything ever happens, and then the girl dies and call for help."

43

RAY THIRING is a crane operator at the Shree plant in Hamilton, Ontario, and happily admits his taste in culture depends on the side of his two teenage sons (15's Eapen and Haseenah, both new). But three years ago he devoted five dollars to help pay for an \$15,000 cultural centre being built in the so-called "harsh city."

Roy Salda's contributions to culture was made by payroll deduction — he and 1,999 other hourly paid workers in Hamilton all contributed varying sums by having their taxes cut off their pay packet along with union dues, pension-fund payments and medical premiums. It is a fund-raising method unique in North America, and more than \$400,000 was raised this way.

Over thousands of so-called, right down to a four-man printing contractor, made downtown. In the three-year drive to raise money for the centre it often seemed all Hamilton was involved: one record gift was for \$53,000 from a chiropractor's sale staged by a group of girlfriends. Fund raises on a scale of \$2.5 million, and resulted in Adam Jack McNeil, vice-chairman of the centre, can in a minute that launched the project, says no Canadian city has ever raised

so much money publicly for a similar scheme.

Says madonna Salda: "We're a little bit out of the things people say about Hamilton. Maybe now they'll call us the Ambitious City again — they used to call us, you know."

44

Mrs. Carol Woodard, a member of the Honour, Ontario, Ladies' Circle, Year, wanted to help and get them this year and a gift.

45

Joan Patricia Bales, a 47-year-old teacher from St. John's, Ontario, who according to the University of Ottawa "has a lot of ideas," is not doing so much work.

46



Leslie Dwyer, a 47-year-old professor at the University of St. Michael's, Ontario, who according to the University of Ottawa "has a lot of ideas," is not doing so much work.

47



Perry Mew, in accepting the Stephen Leacock Award for his book, "The Road to Nowhere," said he was a case when he was a student who felt he was not doing so much work.

48



Rose Anne Hebert, 35, was reunited with her parents and seven brothers and sisters in Israel. She was born in Israel, and her parents were born in Israel. She was born in Israel, and her parents were born in Israel.

49

FREEDMAN "JIMMY" KING is a 40-year-old Victoria resident who garden nature walks through the city's Goldenrod Park in the summer and covers the salmon run up the 100-mile-long Goldenrod River in the winter. Last fall, Skipper King achieved something quite remarkable: he persuaded the people of Victoria to give up water they might use and answer for their much loved garden to save the Goldenrod River salmon run.

Victoria had experienced its second dry summer, and now the end of October there was hardly enough water in the Goldenrod to make a cup of tea — and not nearly enough for the fish and their salmon. The water was from the river, where the river empties into the sea, to their upstream beds. As much as 10,000 fish would die in the shallow before the water runs. And in the spring, when more than 100,000 salmon fry would normally hatch and head for sea, there would be perhaps a few hundred. Skipper King knew there was only one hope: to send water into the Goldenrod from the city's already depleted reservoir.

It couldn't be done, said

the city's water commission. It would require millions of gallons of water — at least five million gallons a day — which might be needed by Victoria's 200,000 citizens some summer. But Skipper King wasn't worried and took his case to the people. He organized a well-attended one-day demonstration rally at which he urged citizens to cut their water consumption by half — by eliminating waste at laundromats and at schools, by taking light showers instead of baths, by flushing less water down toilets. The next, he said, would be a 12-million-gallon day.

The people of Victoria responded. Housewives stopped using their dishwashers. Lucky houses were repaired, cars were cleaned and gardens watered. School children faced up drinking from fountains. The newspapers — and even the mayor — began promoting water conservation. They may not have saved enough water, but the message — that the people of Victoria were willing to make a sacrifice in order to save the Goldenrod salmon run — got through. Municipal authorities met with federal and provincial fisheries officers and agreed to send 100 million gallons of water — eight million gallons a day — into the river. The next day, for the first time in many days, it rained.

The first water was released from the reservoir into the Goldenrod on November 8, and during the day — a Sunday — an estimated 30,000 people came to the river bank in Goldenrod Park hoping to see the salmon run they had helped save. Skipper King was one of them. □

50

- The rate of inflation has dropped to 3.5%.
- The cost of living has risen only 3.4% as compared with 4.5% in 1989.
- Personal income is up from \$1,000 in 1969 to \$2.5 billion.
- Our population has increased slowly at 2.3 million.



"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 10 tons and charges at 20 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As a result of conservation, Tony Harrison and his wife



2 "For five days we looked all over for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of the forest. We heard the dead elephant for food. Crying down, Tony fired the dart at a long bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the 400 mg tranquilizer put him to sleep."



Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing or "darting." After checking with the Dart Africa Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari



3 "Quickly I injected Tony, the water buffalo, and Sgt. Murray, of the Kenya Game Department, as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording device. All that was left was to inject the tranquilizer to get out fast."



Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited

4 "I'm sure everything good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best in the House" in 87 lands.



5 "I'm sure everything good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best in the House" in 87 lands.



Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Walkerville by Hiram Walker & Sons Limited



Get a royal welcome from The Crown.

You haven't begun to see Britain, till you've spent a social hour or two in one of her pubs.

Pubs come in all shapes and sizes - thatched country mans, palaces of Victorian car glass, cosy City chop-houses where Doctor Johnson would still feel at home, and many more. The one thing they are, are, is boring.

Drop as one evening, and see for yourself. Maybe in one of the sleepy fishing villages in the West Country - Mousehole, Cadgwith or Marazion. Sample the local cider (careful, now - it's only taster mild), at roughly 30c a glass. Have a bite to eat. (Almost all pubs serve snacks-and a lot serve 3-course dinners for under \$5.) Meet people, hear the gossip and maybe enjoy an impromptu performance by the local glass club.

By the end of the evening, you won't want to leave. (That's fine - a lot of pubs will give you bed and breakfast for about \$4.)

England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland - wherever you go in Britain, there's a pub. And a warm welcome in a language you under-

stand. We'd like to help you make the most of it, with information on car hire (from \$25 a week) and some budget-conscious exclusive tours (for \$3 weeks from \$364).

Clip the coupon, and have this one on us.

BRITAIN 

Welcome to Britain.

Our free-of-charge booklet, "Britain - Vacation '81" will tell you just what you'll see your Travel Agents, or send to British Tourist Authority, PO Box 101, Scarborough, Ontario.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____

WE1

ENGLAND SCOTLAND WALES NORTHERN IRELAND

VIEW

There are books and magazines devoted to the subject of autism, but most people either ignore them or do not know about them. Older people will seldom come easily to mistakes resulting from environmental pollution if they do not scan building up their body's defense with good solid food.

MADLY BEARD, TORONTO

Doing time with Saltzman

I'm not surprised that Paul Saltzman had to head to court now and then. —10 Days Daily The Sun And (The-sun.com) It is quite so for people in jail because they don't pay fines. They should work off their fine on schemes such as anti-pollution projects. Fines for offences should depend on the person's ability to pay. A fine of one day's pay, four days' pay and so forth. A \$100 fine may be nothing for one man, an annoyance for another, an impossibility for a third. The poor person who can't pay has a jail record, while the rich man, committing the same offence, does not have to go to court, Toronto.

It surely we taxpayers should dig down and furnish our jails with water and sewage the good a few dollars paid to the poor non-detained men like Paul Saltzman can spend their confinement in luxury.

BEN WINTER, TAPPAN, NY

Paul Saltzman should perhaps not name of his criticism at the people of Toronto who are content to spend \$100 million on a jail but who would be the first to scream blue murder if an adequate detention centre were to be built for half of that amount.

A. W. COLEMAN, ONTARIO

And you were... where?

Douglas Marshall's And You Were There — Los Angeles, Chicago, The Moon — Montreal (December) was a house of horror for the CBC, particularly for its coverage of Pierre Laporte's death. I wonder if he was watching the same program this night. The coverage was shockingly steep — but for the presence of Pierre Laporte. And why was the central scene in Toronto when the events were happening at Montreal?

A. J. JONES, MONTREAL

It is hardly believe that Douglas Marshall on the CBC coverage of the kidnapping-murder. It was a scandal. George Fournier was kidnapping and the CBC was hysterical, screaming and

clapping. Perhaps Marshall was being wrong.

WILSON (JAMES), MONTREAL

The golden boys

I have just read with great interest the article about Marshall's Turner 700 By Douglas Marshall (December). Douglas Marshall gives a well-documented report of the trials that Frederick Schreyer and his government have had to endure since their coming to power in this province. It is a good account of the man that I, too, feel is destined to great things in politics, thus the post of provincial premier. Also, the politics of Joe Boncompagni by Ed Aspinall was one of the finest that I have read.

E. S. GUY, WINNIPEG

As a former Minister of 37 years residence I enjoyed past articles on Marshall under the direction of the NDP government.

MIRY V. ANTON, NEW WESTMINSTER, BC

Our error

In our December issue reference was made to Doug Cochrane, president of the Manitoba Indian Brotherhood, approving the Queen of The Pin "wearing a noisemaker was heard made in Toronto." In fact, Mr. Cochrane, at times in the past, was made in Northwest Ontario by Canadian Indian. Mr. Cochrane's approval of the error and any embarrassment it may have caused Mr. Cochrane.

CLARENCE

AINSLIN'S PERSPECTIVE: My kingdom for a horse!



AINSLIN



Police invaded Pauline Julien's living room at 5 a.m. "Why didn't you ring?" she asked.

it lived in the morning on Friday, Oct. 16, 1993 that not only revealed to the House of Commons what 11 men more than 450 Quebecers were rounded up by the police and many dozens more were detained for short periods. Among those officially catalogued, the average period of detention was about a week. All but a handful were released without any charges being laid and, in most cases, only preliminary interrogations. But even more notorious circumstances of the 458 detainees were their deaths, ranging from Pierre Vallières, the philosopher patron of violent revolution to university student Luis Lencina, who was found with more weapons than ammunition in

apartment building with a public opinion poll for the McGill sociology department when he was arrested.

One of the results, ministerial or otherwise, of the events after October 16 was to lose the distinction between all the varieties of dissent in French Canada. Newspapers fell into the habit of referring in their headlines to the "FLQ sympathizers" in jail, and wrote about the need for "sympathetic assistance." Some were. But, as Pauline Julien said, 99% of those who ended up in jail were opposed to terrorism, although a mere accurate statistic would probably be about 99.9.

In their third-floor bedroom in the old house in Montreal, Pauline Julien and Gerald Godin woke at 5 a.m. in the morning to the sound of voices "Are there any sympathizers left?" one voice said, and another, "Did you go around the house?" In fact, the two climbed to each other something about there must be a fire, and Godin slipped on his trousers to look. On the threshold of his bedroom he found three policemen.

Why didn't you ring? Pauline asked from bed and one of them replied, "We did but you didn't hear us."

You must be crazy," she cried, more exasperated than angry. "Do you get plastic and not ring the bell?" Godin asked if they had a warrant, and one of them replied with what Godin described as a smiling, triumphant tone: "We don't need a warrant any more, sir. A special list has been voted and we can search where we want and without a warrant. Listen to the radio, you'll see."

One policeman asked how many people were in the house and Pauline Julien replied, with a gasp, she didn't really know, her daughter often brought them home, she didn't take the lock and find out. There were six people in the house that night as it turned out, and now they were all gathered in the second-floor living room with four policemen, two from the Quebec police force and two from the city police. There they began a two-hour search into books and papers, mainly of the publishing co-operative Press Print, of which Godin is secretary.

The second asked, "Mr. Julien recalled. "They said, 'You ring us! We'll return and I told, 'You going to accompany you everywhere because this is my place. They were not so bad, they were not as savage here as I heard they were in some other place."

By seven o'clock the search was over and the police had carried out two typewritten, a personal list of phone numbers and a pile of papers from the publishing houses. They did not, however, mine the Montreal telephone directory, as they did at some houses (some people have a habit of making their friends names in the book). And then they said "Come on, get your clothes on, you're

coming with us." Pauline Julien exploded with surprise, "What? It was only then she realized that she was to be detained."

When she asked, she received an embarrassing explanation from the policeman in her living room. Pauline Julien says she believes the explanation. Others may wonder if it was an explanation offered out of politeness by men anxious to transfer responsibility to others. "We have nothing against you," she quoted one of the policemen as saying. "We didn't know you were here, we didn't know you were at this address. We just called the publisher and he said 'All people you get, bring them in.'"

As an explanation, it helps much to be cleared although, as she says, if her name was on a list, why then and not any of half-a-dozen other French-Canadian citizens? In any event, the Montreal telephone directory lists 21 Julien at 1627 St-Louis, and it lists Gerald Godin at the same address and the same phone number. If the explanation was true, that it was all an accident of the bookkeeper.

Why didn't you ring? Pauline asked from bed and one of them replied, "We did but you didn't hear us."

It was all done, as almost everyone who was detained has said, completely without sense. As they drove down to St. Catherine Street in an old blue, unmarked Chevrolet, Gerald Godin discussed current movies with the policeman beside him. When they entered the car underground garage of the Quebec police headquarters and detention center on Park Avenue Street — where there was a traffic jam of police cars waiting to process their passengers — a passing Montreal policeman made some remark to Godin. It was the only customer he heard in eight days of jail.

By 7:30 a.m. Godin was in a common bullpen in the new building, a room with a red carpet floor and pillows with, except for one wall, which was all bars. There were about 10 men in the small room when Godin entered, but soon there were 35. No one has exact, and it is not until I put that three patriots tried to get out of him sandwiches, breads and coffee. There is nothing to do and they have already left the strangeness of being out off from news or contact with the outside world after lunch they try to lie down but there is not enough room around the walls for all of them to lie down, so they take turns, and they continue each other with the inevitable pubescent humor. "There's only one as it stands up to give his phone to another as the constant fear, 'I've lost the phone, I've lost the phone.' And another, 'I've worried the hell'."

They form up teams to play football with the blow-up sandwich bags, trying to make pokes of the balls. Anyone who gets a penalty will have to leave the cell.



Gerald Godin asked officers for Julien's warrant. "We don't need it any more," they said.

Godin began his career as a newspaperman in Three Rivers, the only where Pauline Julien was born, he also worked on deficits in Montreal and was the chief story editor of a Radio-Canada daily section public affairs program. After leaving there to work on a National Film Board feature on the Quebec textile industry. In October, 1969, he joined the editorial board of *Quatre Vents*, a university-sponsored popular tabloid full of lively coverage of movies, sports, television and, of course, politics. It is not hard to guess, however, why Gerald Godin was in jail: the co-operative publishing house he fronts brought out in 1968 Pierre Martin's scandalous account of his own childhood, *Water, Stones of Amherst*, a book that, after a slight ban around October 16, is still sold at the McGill University bookstore, not only for the insights it offers into Julien's development but also as the work, whatever his politics, of a great natural writer.

There is, at the same time, no doubt where Gerald Godin stands on violence. He regards it as a last resort, "on the left, there is a leftist point of view," he said, not long after his release from jail. "Terrorism is not the way to save Quebec, but the way to kill Quebec, to destroy it. Quebec terrorism is bankruptcy of the brains. There is no left in terrorism." He agrees with that, it has been proved wrong every two or three years."

While Gerald Godin was in a bullpen at Park Avenue Street playing football with the sandwich bags, Pauline Julien was in a cell, with 16 other women, a slightly better place, since there were eight small cells off the common room where they could take turns lying down. Not everyone wanted to, however. Pauline Julien herself felt free to be alone and she said as often happens to people in such circumstances, everyone began to talk and a sense of community quickly developed.

"We tried to learn their names," she recalled afterward, "but I don't know more than six names because their husbands or their boyfriends belonged to the PQ or FRAP (Front Québécois ou Front d'Action Patriote). Some helped, but some did not. I don't know if that, they just kept the children. There was one American girl who answered a little embarrassment at the university to get a room. She rented the room from the girl at the university, and then the girl's boyfriend was in FRAP at the PQ in Montreal, and that caused the room to be raided."

On Friday evening, Godin and five others from the bullpen were let out, happily screaming, quite wrongly, that they were to be liberated. The paper work of the prison was at least known to some of the men were held for as long as a four-by-four foot transfer cell, so small the men could not even kneel down.

Pauline Julien, at almost the same time, was being transferred to the Tan-

gany, where she was in a cell with three new women of public housing. At Tangany, the three detained under the *War Measures Act* were in a common room, watch television and read the current newspapers. They did gymnastics, danced, worked with fabrics and played dominoes. They also organized discussion groups, with heavy emphasis on politics and Women's Lib. There were two young women there, Pauline Julien remembers, whose student-husbands often handed out pamphlets in St-Henri, "but the two women, they were absolutely not interested in politics."

Back at Park Avenue Street, Gerald Godin and the five others in the tiny transfer cell, which is really part of the hallway, are finally taken out, released, taken upstairs to the red jail on the top floor, where they are stripped, searched, and then given back their own clothes including, unlike most jail prisoners, their hair, belts and shoes. Godin's cell is now free by five o'clock, except for his underwear, his shirt and a shower, he is in it all Friday night and Saturday.

An FM radio station in broadcast into the cells, but as soon as the microphone begins to pick up the sound of the cell. On Sunday, the prisoners can see the flags outside at half-staff, someone is dead. The next day, a prisoner coming back from the infirmary reports that he was able to sneak a look at a newspaper. *Le Devoir*.

Back at Tangany, meanwhile, the women were holding their meetings, watching television and reading *Le Peuple* and *Montréal-Matin*. But Pauline Julien felt free to be alone and she said as often happens to people in such circumstances, everyone began to talk and a sense of community quickly developed.

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gany, where she was in a cell with three new women of public housing. At Tangany, the three detained under the *War Measures Act* were in a common room, watch television and read the current newspapers. They did gymnastics, danced, worked with fabrics and played dominoes. They also organized discussion groups, with heavy emphasis on politics and Women's Lib. There were two young women there, Pauline Julien remembers, whose student-husbands often handed out pamphlets in St-Henri, "but the two women, they were absolutely not interested in politics."



Dr. Henri Bellemare sat waiting here while police searched his house — twice.

Henri Belinfante was arrested in full view of his family, he thought he might as well try to put a message to them. "No," the guard said. "You were arrested at home. No message."

Heinrich Betschmann is a handsome, 38-year-old specialist in internal medicine and a founder and director of a commercially-run medical clinic in east-end Montreal where for two dollars a month the tenants of St. Jacques get access to the services of five doctors, three physiotherapists, three or four dentists, as well as prescription medicines. He is of a rare breed in Canada: a socialist doctor who lives by word.

plenty of doctors to have Dr. Belemans on their side list. Among other recent campaigns, he attempted to convince City Hall to vaccinate children against measles, so is done in such suburbs as Downsview, Montreal North and Ville LaSalle. He expects the city health department's practice of telling parents to leave children's shots up to their parents, and that vaccination could be obtained from a private physician for \$12 while refusing to do anything for poorer parents, who wouldn't afford it and would also worry if they knew

In his campaign as a candidate for the Free Action Political, Bellemore told the voters of St. Jacques that the City of Montreal spends more on its police forces than on the health of its people. One of his slogans was: three million dollars for health, \$15 million for the police. And he must have been on more than one hot on October 16, because four Quebec police arrested him at his door at 5:33 a.m. and took him to the city jail.

At the kitchen, four city police arrived on the doorman's order under the command of an inspector. The city police searched the kitchen all over again, including a careful examination of the refrigerator freezing compartment.

The trademark of the police everywhere that morning was the green plastic garbage bag; they could well be supplied, said those Dr. Bellemare's comfortable longhairs they removed two full bags of material, including the complete list of names of the people who had been in the house, perhaps the most public document there around, since lots of it went posted on utility poles throughout the north. They also removed the microfiche directory, although Dr. Bellemare does not make a habit of making the names of friends in the book, and he had a few names in the "phone" number.

"They took a lot of books," Dr. Bellemare said. "They took any books that looked a bit socialist, but they were not very good at it." Into the green garbage bags went Simon's *Economics: An Introductory Analysis*, the most widely used economics text in the University of Toronto, and Karl Marx's *The Communist Manifesto*.

The search at home had been thorough. The police had felt along the sides of all the drawers in the dining-room cupboard, had picked through his wife's baggage, and had looked under the mattress of his children, except for the mattress of the seven-year-old who was still asleep. But by the time they got to his office, Dr. Baileman could sense that the search was not going to be as thorough. He noticed his apartment book for last year was not the one for the current year. When he told them a file

colleagues examined his patients' records, they did not open it. But they searched the backs of the pictures on the wall.

For Dr. Beltrami's children, five girls between seven and thirteen, the stress began not when the police were in the house — they found that rather interesting — but after their father was gone. He sat with them in the dining room while the police rummaged through the house and told them he would probably have to go downtown for an identification parade for a little while, and of course the police didn't say for how long he would be away, they didn't know.

"As the days passed and they had no news," Dr. Kellerman says, "the girls thought I was on bread and water. But they sat in the master and they thought I was questioned under a big spotlight and things like that." His 11-year-old son is the coorganizer and refused to go to school. The nine-year-old fled home from school out of breath, crying, "He's here, he's here," but he won't.

Only he was dependent on the Port-au-Prince Street headquarters. De Bellanque was in the company of eight policemen for two hours, the equivalent of two weekdays not spent on other police tasks. The two officers who eventually questioned him went through a three-page printed form, asking for the color of his hair, eyes, height, weight, and whether he belonged to FRAP. He told them FRAP. They asked him if he had kidnapped James Cross or Pierre Laporte and if he had any dynamite, but they did not bother to complete the third page of the form, which Bellanque already knew from other detentions contained questions about the occupations of brothers-in-law. It was very simple, friendly, and the police went laughing as they went through the routine.

Six days later when he was released he was given back his two green partridge bags full of assorted junk, and he also obtained, probably by mistake, the police hat that went with it. Two hunting knives were dumped on the lot as daggers (jaggywags) with a careful notation of which drawer they had come from. Another notation said: "Nothing incriminating, a lot of socialist literature."

ing, I do not believe that the election three days after his release. De Bellis was the most popular of the FRAP candidates but still unsuccessful in an election in which Mayor Jean Despres received 92% of the vote and some supporters of his Civic Party elected to every council seat. "I may have offended Mr. Despres or Mr. [Louis] St-Onge," De Bellis says, but he is reluctant to believe, since he was one of only two FRAP candidates arrested, that the explosion is quite a coincidence.

I am not an independence man, yet you call it separatist. I was a member of FRAP, which is a socialist party. And nobody's name is on a list from the



For Mrs. Michel Chartrand, a portrait recalls the raid that jailed her husband.

RN [Assemblée nationale pour l'indépendance nationale] When they pass a law that they don't need any warrant, and someone says go out and arrest 600 people this night — and don't touch any crook, any bandit, any protection racketeer — that's not easy to do. Maybe they have RN cards, maybe they get out every card that has three notations on it.

The grey garbage bags were also such in evidence at the home of Michel Charrirol, where the police also arrived in the first 5 a.m. wave and found, quite by accident, a young friend of one of Charrirol's sons who had spent the night there, as well as an organizer at the countercon branch of the Confederation of National Trade Unions, who had come home with Charrirol after a late morning the night before in the Paid Sweat suits. The young man worked at a magazine office and was a frequent contributor to the *Quotidien*. Valérian had from time to time sent articles in his personal list of phone numbers in his pocket, he had the numbers of Valérian and Bourgaud. DDT he went to jail, and so did the union organizer.

By all the men and women rounded up on the dark morning of his arrest, *de guerra*, some voiced such contradictory feelings in black and snappish little Múster Chertaud, president of the Montreal central council of the CNTU, who had made a habit of hugging around the action in the first 10 days of the Cruz-Laporte case. He had said, in his postscriptedly direct and, to many, irritating way, that everyone was worried about the *desenferme* Cruz needed for

the high blood pressure, but I was worried about the rednecks that I usually did every day in the post. His worst scare occurred outside the home of Pierre Laporte, the night of the labor minister's kidnapping. Chartrand drove by out of a daze to be where the arrestment was, and when a radio reporter recognized him, and put a microphone before him, Chartrand said Laporte had been sent to do penance (it was frequently translated in the English press as penally box) and now would have time to think things over.

Chartrand had reason to be annoyed with Laporte's department, since the construction union of the CNTU, to whom he acted as an adviser, had been involved for many months in a protracted argument on many sides concerning wages to be paid outside Montreal, a city where the generally more highly paid international unions predominate. But not even Chartrand's best friends could lightly forgive him that proberie into the strike-please, which appeared even worse a week later when Laporte was dead.

The thirteenth in a family of 14 children, Charrand grew up amongst the middle-class trappings and aspirations of a family headed by a minor government official. His father was an accountant at the court system. As a boy at St Jean de Belvoir, the proud and arrogant Michel looked at a student a few years his junior "Speak French," which Pierre Elliot Trudeau already did well. Charrand entered the Trappist order for almost two years, although his today would believe he can now live on order with, once of

lence. He spoke at that time in elegant and polished French. It was not until he was a mature man that he vulgarized his language and discovered the rough humor that made him the folk hero of many a laborer.

the 1980s. But one of Charnaud's more controversial speeches had been made the night before his arrest, at the student meeting at the Paul Suard arena. The meeting was to become a feature of the Drapreau campaign for re-election because Valadier was there. Charnaud told the students there were a lot of foreigners in town (the troops) and they should be kind to those people who were standing off over the place, they should offer them money. That was one of Charnaud's typical racist jibes, based on the fact that work regulations in the City of Montreal require that any store owner who is absent must have his work clothes on a chair and the owner is to show every three hours. He urged the students to be polite, which they did.

For Frankie Jalen, the experience was not over when she arrived home Friday at 10 a.m. on Saturday, October 24. In the dining room she encountered the scene of so many frightening plots: the table set for dinner but never used. Her two children, 15-year-old Nicholas and 11-year-old Pamela, were not there.

The police had been back to Freddie Junior's house three times during the week when she was in jail, searching for more material from Les Editions France Press, without success. She called them, at 7 p.m. on Friday, December 21, not long after Miss Julie had phoned her, and told them she was going to send her children to say she was being released, the police arrested again and told her, "Come with us." But for chance, her children would have been alone. That night, Miss Julie's sister, had arrived about five minutes before to give the children some money. She then decided to stay with them for supper, but the police ended up in and

"It was completely eerie," Paquin says to say later. "We're children you know, my brother is 15 and I'm 16, and my brother isn't even interested in politics or things like that."

The police officers did not have respect for the safety of the state or squashed the jailing of a 15-year-old boy. His father and his aunt, but they did, at this one occasion, confirm that Nicholas was in jail when Mani Jahan was home one morning and found the house empty. Nicholas got home from school at 3 p.m. that night and discovered that his father and his aunt, the 15-year-old, and English neighbors. "Everybody there days is making trouble for people the don't like," And Nicholas, who says he has heard much for politics before, he came suddenly much more interested.

"The War Measures Act is a good act for Canadians," he said, "but not for

Eighteen People In The Nude -And Why They Matter To You

BY PAT ANNESLEY

the spouse to show it was all in fun, (c) pretend that their own stiff-lipped spouses, with their bright, suffering eyes, did not come, (c) drink more, because no matter what happens you can always say you were drunk.

That was Sunday night. We stayed very late, because we were having such a good time.

Monday morning I went into a screening room, tired and hungover, to watch a movie. And I sat there in the dark, with a dozen other people, and after a few minutes I wanted to run out. The others did, too. But we sat there, hour after hour, sipping Kleenex and soggy cardboard coffee cups, chain-smoking. And quietly crying.

It wasn't a movie in the usual sense, although the plot is to make it *seem* so—a three-hour feature called *Out Of Touch*, to open this month on the major movie-house circuit. What we saw that morning, and in the next four days, was the worst version. An entire week-end marathon marathon as film. Forty-five hours of it.

Encounter groups are those go-kagobers where people let their hair down, peel back the layers of self-protection and try to get back to some kind of basic, honest human contact. At least 1,000 people will attend sessions in Montreal this year, and this winter the expected attendance at various groups in the Vancouver area is close to 2,000. In Toronto, 15,000. The sessions may have nowhere from an evening to a month. Proponents of the cannone-made "growth movement" see it as a solution to the problems of alienation today (the individual, tomorrow the world).

Amazingly, encounter groups have become almost as popular as yoga to them, but they are not identical exercises. They start because many thousands of people are apparently unhappy about the quality of their lives, sensing vaguely, a condition described by a U.S. writer in a recent book: "We often don't express what we really feel. Sometimes we don't even know what we really feel. We wear our energies behind elaborate facades to deceive ourselves and each other. As a result we suffer, and so do our social institutions."

Encounters are far from the methodical steps of popular imagination. In fact, they're almost anti-rational. They discourage the use of "help." The question is that we are already using our minds too much, or at least in the wrong way, and that's part of the trouble.

Frederer are the thing. The group is a vehicle to create, in isolation from the rest of the world, an environment of mutual trust, a non-society, where people can feel free to engage in person-to-person honesty. The theory is that self-honesty follows.



Encounter groups are in. So are nude movies. It was inevitable that, when touch therapy became nude therapy, someone would put it into a movie. They did, with startling results. What was to have been just a job for actors became real, in scenes



that say much about alienation in us all. Here, under guru Paul Bindrim (far left, in sweat-shirt), therapy begins, with eyeballing (above), tension (top right) and a blind walk. One man (left) lost his confidence with his clothes. ▶



The sequence of events probably had a lot to do with the way it got out. First there was the party.

Three rooms full of trucks, buses and corded buses. Carefully they smiled, and carefully chose their spurring partners for each tight little exchange of careful words. One at a time, when it was safe, when they could be absolutely sure they wouldn't lose any points, they laughed but very carefully.

They argued a lot, sometimes with vehemence and angry profanities, but even as they cursed their eyes were staying in it was all old stuff, including the ready-made soap-pour nager.

Most of them got drunk fairly early on, which gave them the courage to (a) make downing champagne to people who coughed, (b) stick the needle into people who coughed less, to make up for the tension, (c) make passes at other men and women and other women's cars, having first exchanged pleasantries with



In the scenes we saw on film, methods that I found offensive were used to speed the relaxing process. But it was hard to argue with some of the results. Even for the skeptics among the spectators — conservatives, politicians, neo-conservatives — I raised such questions about how we all live.

This was a made encounter, a weakened method led by California psychologist Paul Bindman. Bindman is the best-known exponent of nudity as a vital factor in what he calls "relaxation training." He came to Toronto to lead the filmed session in the hope that he could use the movie to spread his methods around the world (he shows they could change 45, and for 50% of the profits).

The film was made at a specially built set in a Toronto film studio — a living room and swimming pool connected by a short corridor. There were 30 water-proof hidden cameras around the set, and nine hidden cameras manned by three shifts of cinematographers.

The participants were 16 Toronto people between roughly 20 and 40, mostly paid actors, because the original intention had been to build a fictional movie around the nudity session in a nude encounter. Most of the actors were not there out of any feeling of need but, in one of them put in, "for the 170 bucks."

They were a pretty wary-looking bunch when they first straggled into the room. Still fully clothed, in every sense, they sat in a self-conscious circle, got out their cigarettes, and eyed one another stiffly. Everybody's cool was turned up full strength.

Enter Bindman. Stocky, balding, about 45, with strange blue eyes coming at you with relentless persistence one minute, overflowing sympathy the next, Bindman appeared they all introduced themselves and were briefly what they hoped they

would get out of the session. They all promptly spoke of the System, the "plastic people" they had to contend with in their lives, the "phobias" in the living business, the phobias that wouldn't come any more. External complaints. Then one young man with a beard and a sharply placed, sensitive face, said: "I'm all screwed up. Inside I have been for years."

It was a signal. The first layer was coming off, and they couldn't go back. The beautiful young girl with tangled black eyelashes, when her turn came, looked herself looking steadily around the group, tears covering down her cheeks. What she said, when she was able to speak, was one strangled childlike sentence: "I feel scared."

She was 23. Already she felt that she had made a mistake of her life. When very young she had submitted to sexual seductions from adults, because she thought that "to be loved, you know, was to do what people wanted." At 16 she had had a baby, which she had not kept. She assumed a very young 23. The stage name she had chosen was Brenda. She was one of the last to take her clothes off. Her body, she said, was ugly. Ever since the time.

The others listened with sympathy and protective words. Several cried. Later, when they had peeled off many more layers and the barriers for honesty got together, they would turn on Brenda and berate her for her "little-girl act." Not real, they would tell it. Not her. Later still, she would prove them right with the sudden dramatic emergence of an angry, powerful and decidedly full-grown woman. An Anna Magnani, being behind a Mia Farrow.

But that was much, much later. It seemed at times like years, so compressed was the progression of events. Bindman said gamine after gamine in a process that was masturbating, rebelling, and structured to the point of ritual. "Evolving," where people in pairs or groups one another in silent, unswerving, nose-to-nose scrutiny. The pool session, with the rigidly controlled water heat, the carefully chosen piped-in music, the underwater strobe lights, a constant of thundering heartbeat, and even dry ice to produce a swirling fog. The business of the "trust exercises," various forms of touch stimulation, the use of water and pressure (even thumb pressing to induce relaxation). Candlelight and waxes, chanting, something called "channeling" where the men circle one of their number and make dancing, masculine noises to excite fears of homosexuality, and a final groupwork "flip" called, grotesquely enough, "crazy eyeballing." There seemed no end to Bindman's little bag of tricks.

And yet, and yet — The focus changed, and the voices. The walls came



The swimming pool, kept at 94° F, became a crucible of emotions, as group members were pushed through personal crises. Three girls watch, suffering, the therapy of others. At one point, each person was passed from hand to hand in a ceremony of trust. The "break" (lower left) was agonizing for some but the session ended joyfully.



19

ers of this generation who are known outside of the country at all. There's Levine, Rapella, Borkan, I guess, maybe one or two others or guys, and me. That's all. Nobody in New York ever even heard of Harold Town."

Professional painters are not, by and large, extremely compassionate people. As a rule — in the public mind, anyway — they keep to their studios, speak only to their friends, and leave the formal obligations to their dealers. Ronald, however, is an unashamed and unhesitant public figure, with an inexhaustible supply of opinions and no second thoughts about displaying them. And he is a cold-blooded about what he is worth: he prices his paintings at \$115 a square foot.

At this point I should be



and that I have known Ronald for about five years, I have worked with him, and I like him. But we are not, by any means, close friends. I am uneasy around him. There is a constant air of tension that precludes comfort.

Ronald is well known as a painter in Canada, certainly, and at one time he was considered one of the best in the United States. But since his last show in Toronto the critical community has become a little uneasy about his work. One well-known Canadian writer (who has had obscure words with Ronald in the past and would therefore prefer to remain just a well-known Canadian writ-

er) says, "When Ronald went to New York in 1955, he rode in on the crest of the wave — he was an action painter, throwing the paint around, violent, it was natural to him and that was what was happening then. But he wasn't one of the top 10 painters in New York. He had just about got to the point where the collectors were saying, 'William What? — oh, yeah, William Ronald, I think I know him,' when the bottom dropped out of the abstract expressionist market, pop art came in — this would be 1963, 1964 — and he just ran out for good. And the latest show of his is, well, sensible — that fantastic color sense he had seems to have gone, he's into marines and greens that aren't working, and the things just aren't good art." The critic sits back and tips his Scotch and



looks uncomfortable. "I don't like saying all this. I thought his old stuff was fantastic. I still think his watercolors are beautiful — he's into very paper colors in this show, which are just like then. And he's interesting as a broad-canvas sort of."

Barry Lord: "Look, don't get me wrong on this. The last show is bad. But, you know, abstract expressionism is coming back in in the galleries in New York, and maybe that will make something of him. It's kind of ironic that he's such a good painter and he's trying to paint stuff that isn't natural to him, while the chances are that his natural work would

really start to be popular again very soon. I feel a good deal of compassion for him."

Ronald: "My work has burned out or two critics in the past, and it's going to burn quite a few more before I'm through. They don't know what they're talking about. I quit abstract expressionism because I was through with it, not because it was unfashionable. I have a theory that whenever you get too good at something, whatever it gets too easy, quit. Maybe these guys should think about that."

Ronald lives in a large, three-story, limestone, four-building red brick house in the center of Toronto. He has two daughters, Suzanne, 13, a genuine, complicated girl who writes, wills, and will shortly be extraordinarily beautiful, Diana, 4, a full-



blooded Indian girl. The Ronalds adopted shortly after she was born — she is a furniture-bonancer, loud and full and strong and happy, with Sansanova vitality and a charm Ronald's wife, Helen, is blond, serene, quiet. They complement each other. She provides information he has forgotten, looks for papers he can use in the interview, and otherwise stays away. When she is in the room Ronald becomes calmer and less nervous. She sits in a recliner for him, absorbing his comic energy and making his life manageable. There are two dogs, one old, one young, and two quite tough-looking cats, who have marked out



William Ronald loves horseback riding, picnics and painting. He doesn't care much for art critics. Riding is great because "if you don't concentrate you can kill yourself." Critics? Well, "My work has buried critics in the past"

their turf and keep it cool. Ronald has outlived the art critics before. In 1955, he came to the public conclusion that the Canadian artistic community was a collection of old women, and that the Canadian public was a flock of sheep; he moved south, after eight years became an American citizen, and sold paintings to such galleries as the Guggenheim in New York, the Albright-Knox in Buffalo, and the Art Institute in Chicago. His work at that time was vibrant and edgy, the best was a series of "control-image" paintings, oils that took the eye into a central vortex, and then explode its attention out

toward the edges of the canvas.

The control-image series was the extension of ideas Ronald had been working on since the beginning of his career, at the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, where he graduated in 1951. "It was a terrible place. God, was it awful. I had wanted to be a painter since I was 12. I thought I could make money at it and be good at it. I used to spend hours copying botanical pictures out of King magazine to impress my friends. And here these guys at OCA were saying I was no good. You know they fooled me once? And then a painter and teacher there named Jack

Scents, Sex and Canadians: The Unperfumed Truth



THE
MACLEAN'S
GOLDFOOT
REPORT

IT IS WRETCHED EXCESS, said Shakespeare, "to throw a perfume on the violet." Canadians too prefer natural smells. Interestingly, though, they are throwing spraying, rolling or straining perfumes of one kind or another upon their partners, and they show a growing affinity for many kinds of manufactured scents. One reason for this is the clearly established relationship between scents and sexual attraction for most of us. How Canadians relate to smells — and what this reveals about them — is the subject of the sixth *Maclean's Goldfoot Report* commissioned from Ianis Goldfoot Consultants, a leading social-research firm. The reports are based on a statistically reliable national sample.

"Canadians like to smell nice," says sociologist Goldfoot, "and we do have favorite scents. Some of them obviously relate to the way we think about ourselves. For instance, there is a strong relationship between favored natural scents and hygiene. That halo of cleanliness and all clean smells is important in our daily lifestyle. As our facilities for hygiene improve, we become more self-conscious about the way we smell. Those who identify most strongly with the use of manufactured scents may be hiding a lack of hygiene." But these last are the minority. In principle, the Goldfoot report, most Canadians agree that all the perfumes of Arabia will not overcome the sour or crotchety smell. — JON EBY

Who uses scents?

Cite out of 50 Canadians apply some personal scent daily and, surprisingly enough, almost as many men use it as women. Young people use scents more often than their elders, and single people use it more often than married. Canadians with limited education are less likely to apply scents daily than high-school and university graduates. "We should no longer think of scents as female-oriented," says Goldfoot. "Its use is taken for granted by both sexes and is related to the level of sophistication."

A further breakdown of the study reveals that two thirds of all Canadians (more English-speaking Quebecers and Maritimers than others) use under-arm deodorants, and that many men as well as women like to apply scents to other parts of the body. Almost three times more men than women apply facial scents (56% of males, 21% of females). Use of hair on the head and the face is about equally divided between the sexes. Twenty-seven percent of Canadian women — and a considerable 12% of Canadian men — use scents all over the body daily. People under 25 are more inclined to use all-over scent.

DO YOU USE PERFUME, AFTER-SHAVE, DEODORANT OR SOME OTHER SCENT DAILY?

	% of respondents
Total respondents	79
Male	76
Female	80
Under 25	90
25-34	86
35-44	70
45-54	69
55 and over	67
Married	61
Single	85
Some high school	73
Completed high school	83
University	89

What scents do we like and dislike?

There is a "fresh, innocent buzz" about favorite smells, says Goldfoot, and "negative overtones" about the smells we most dislike. Clearly, our preferences and aversions are based on more than sensory "reactions." The smell of clean bed sheets, which rated high last, related not only to hygiene but also to the home — as do several of the most-loved Canadian smells. There are implicit feelings of warmth about the house and about making things in the home an important part of our lives.

man household scents — those associated with smoking and drinking — are far down the list, suggesting negative attitudes toward those who use. Sample comments on favorites and most heavily disliked smells:

- "Clothes from outdoors." I like the smell of them when they are clean, fresh and clean." (Female respondent, Toronto.)
- "Talc, because it reminds me of my husband." (Male worker, Vancouver.)
- "Soft cigarette smoke — it makes me relax." (Female housewife, Winnipeg.)
- "Body odor when someone doesn't bathe regularly." (Male, Montreal.)

WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING SCENTS DO YOU LIKE? GIVE EACH A RATING BETWEEN ONE AND FIVE.

	rating of one (dislike it)	rating of five (like it)
Clean bed sheets	3.7	1
Laundry from outdoors	3.5	2
Freshly picked coffee	3.3	4
Home-baked chocolate cake	3.1	5
Freshly cut grass	3.0	5
Talcum powder	2.6	7
Pine Solvent	1.8	8
Colded cauliflower or cabbage	1.6	9
Cigar	1.4	10
Campfire	1.4	10
Newly painted room	1.3	12
Alcohol	1.2	13
Gymnasium	1.1	14
Gasoline	0.6	15
Bus-tobus and rooms	0.6	16
Body odor	0.5	17
Human sweat	0.3	18
Wet, dirty dog	0.2	19
Cat waste	0.05	20
Roach eggs	0.04	21



How does smell affect sexual attraction?

Predicting half of all Canadians profess to like the smell of the human body. This group includes slightly more men than women. French-speaking people are far more inclined to like it than English speakers. Other groups that tend to like it are university graduates, young people between 25 and 34 and residents of French Canada. Twenty percent of Ca-

nadians are affected sexually "in great deal" by body smells. The figure is much higher among French-speaking Canadians and somewhat higher among English-speaking Quebecers. Says Goldfoot, "The attitudes in French Quebec tend to be European in direction. There is a relaxed attitude toward the English thing in Quebec, whose attitudes are changed by their cultural milieu. In Quebec there is a strong tendency to like body odor and to be affected by it sexually."

HOW DOES THE SMELL OF THE HUMAN BODY AFFECT YOUR SEXUAL ATTRACTION?

	% of respondents	great deal	some	not much
Total	30	38	45	
Male	29	31	42	
Female	30	25	49	
Under 25	23	33	40	
25-34	32	33	43	
35-44	11	32	53	
45-54	19	28	51	
55 and over	18	12	57	
Married	21	26	45	
Single	20	36	37	
Some high school	23	23	48	
Completed high school	16	27	55	
University	22	39	35	

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SDJ/FARR continued

Do men and women smell different?

Three quarters of all Canadians believe that there are distinctive male and female smells. The incidence of belief is highest among university-educated people and French-speaking residents of Quebec, lowest among people over 55 and Manitobans. Sample comments:

- ☐ "A man is stronger and so is his odor." (White pipe fitter, Vancouver.)
- ☐ "Who sweat more in their work." (Female worker, Mount West.)
- ☐ "A woman smells pretty." (Female superintendent, Toronto.)
- ☐ Two thirds believe that there is a human sexual odor component.
- ☐ "It is far stronger in women but don't ask me why." (Gastromart, Winnipeg.)
- ☐ "I have heard people say there is, but I don't know about it myself." (Female on greater Toronto.)



Who likes scented products?

Another indication that scenting scents is no longer a woman's prerogative is the fact that most men now prefer scented soap and deodorant. Somewhat astonishingly more than two out of five men even go for scented powder. (3)

DO YOU PREFER SCENTED...

	% of respondents who	% of respondents female
Fragrant	43	72
Scented	41	60
Scent	60	70
Deodorant	58	91

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A quiet place, a gentle, lovely people, and the lush beauty of the South Seas make this a tourist paradise. But that's just the trouble, if you want to share the fabled haunt of Abel Tasman, Captain Cook and Captain Bligh, go now, while the fragile fragrance lasts



GOING PLACES

Fiji IS A LAST CHANCE to get a look at the vanishing world of the South Seas. It has more than 600 islands; only 100 of them inhabited, ranging from a patch of coral with a tuft of coconut palm to the main island of Viti Levu, which sprawls out of the Pacific like a rampa 3,200 miles southwest of Honolulu. Its blue mountains draped in clouds. At the CP Air DC9 starts to waver into its approach pattern to Nadi Airport, you look down on a tapestry of inland farmlands, then coral reefs like scars of rust and verdant green in water so clear you don't know you're looking through it.

My wife and I made a hasty-side-back stop on a stubby Fiji Airways DC9 to Suva, the capital, and arrived in time for part of the Independence celebrations in Albert Park. It would have taken a determined cruise not to feel stirrings of emotion that afternoon, in the relative, yellow light, with the clouds riding in off the Pacific and the same breeze that blew Captain Bligh between the islands leading the coconut palm, eight hundred Fijian school kids dressed in green tunics doing a war dance, and four RAF paratroopers, black specks in the sky, dropping like stones (treating and smoke, and the crowd surging, pointing up and shouting: "There! There! There! Don't you see them?") Their plane had dis-

appeared long before, and after their red-white-and-blue parachutes opened they landed in the middle of Albert Park as if they'd jumped in off a cloud. Then Prince Charles, who had been sitting down, just looking pretty and somewhat faint, turned at a burst of cheers with beautiful timing. It was like watching a running cheetah when it really starts to go, as if this is what running is all about. Charles came down from the stands, got into a kind of upholstered pickup truck and quipped the field while the crowd roared and the Fijian Police lined in these white mid-sterns with one-toothed ridges ploughed God knew The Prince Of Wales, and a couple of officers who had been standing with their hands crossed behind their backs stepping their calves with swagger sticks jammed as Charles got down and disappeared into the crowd. Then he was back and being driven out of the park. The crowd fell.

Fiji probably won't be the way it is now for more than a generation or two. Tourism is already the second largest industry, next to sugar. But this is going over the pantheon of man's things, motor cars, doublets in staves on home-made instruments, are playing *Love, Love, Love*, ragged on by professionally bluff and silly natives. An American company plays a million-dollar man with a combined native band. Holiday here are moving in Deauville-Corvettes of Canada recently promoted targets in "Fiji" sales with a longed-for sense of commercial realism, and what they described as "thrilling invasion campaigns," and prize trips to Fiji. Peter Mauck, the Canadian whose company went broke making Chamorro TV's in Nova Scotia, has 7,000 acres there ready for a development which his literature says will be "a massive creation and make 'imaginative use of land.' An enormous white curb mower sits there in the jungle, no farther than the sound of a distant engine from where I now sit, down plowing a rice field with a team of oxen.

Still, Fiji is for the most part unchanged. I spent as best in the perfect place of Suva without using one other word. (I reduce myself to the tourist's level to Fiji) and developed a guide up of rambling old wooden buildings, with adobe pillars, wrapped in coconut fronds and the sidewalks running under hotel balconies where you expect to see a place waiting for windows to have his first gas. There was a pleasant and encouraging scene the day I was there—a newly dressed Fijian housewife face down and sound asleep on the grass in a park, her shopping bag and her purse lying beside her. The Traveler's wife and I slept on Victoria Parade, one of the cleanest streets, in ex-

cept for bedridden westerners, like my comfortable motel in Orono or Vancouver, but outside on the street and in the grounds of the government buildings, people promiscuous in a soft evening light that filtered down through a kind of gauze formed by the branches of big winding fig trees and banyan trees that send roots down from their branches like umbrellas. The feeling of the evening was utterly strange and exotic, largely because, I realized, I was hearing the sounds of a big crowd of people people—individual sounds of a social softening, a girl laughing, someone calling out. There were from as beautiful that I, for one, stopped in my tracks. There was an Indian girl with a smile like a jewel, her black face framed in a fine-grained scarf, a knowledge Fijian women with a smile and expression that came up from depths of composed indifference—tall, simple, hairdressed and high breasted, with a halo of ash-black hair as thick as a brush. The children are a delight. Their voices are soft and husky and they speak in a low pitch as if trying not to make a deeper sound than necessary. They knock swings from the trees on their way from school and use Hibiscus flowers in something the same way Canadians kick back single seeds on their noses. A Fijian youngster standing beneath a sun tree waiting for a bus at the head of some lake, early valley, or walking in a strong warm breeze past a sunny area field, will put a hibiscus behind each ear, one in his hair, and hold another in his mouth, and stand looking in the coming traffic, a strange little figure with a face made up of four red splashes. I met none of the youngsters in Loma Fijian school, a group of frame buildings around a mainly field near Suva, who were in the open during the day included an 11-year-old boy named Mosepe Sena, whose mother made his mother's outfit and whose father works in a powerhouse in Suva. A girl from Orono, named Abby Spradley, who is fascinated by the friendliness of Fiji that she works there for a quarter the pay that she could make teaching in Canada, told me that the kids arrived in the school yard for materials for two weeks, and that it was a fascinating sight to see them appearing over the hills from all directions, carrying their spears and war outfits.

About 115,000 of the people are Fijian, and 256,000 Indians, descendants of laborers brought out by the English in the late 1800s and early part of the century to work in the sugarcane fields. The remaining 41,000 are Chinese and other races such as Canadians, English, Australians and New Zealanders who are engaged together in education as "pioneers." By and large, the small islands, farmers and cultivators are Indians, and

You Can Still Find Beautiful People (If You Hurry To Fiji)

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

every Indian I spoke to appeared to be genuinely fond of the Pijans but without compulsion and the Pijans were unashamed at the ordinary wear and looking to the future and the past. All said they wanted nothing to do with Pijans when they'd been drinking. As all natives people do Pijans like to get plastered. They get right very fast and often spectacularly, and are apt to take long strolls after dark when they can't get the fire, punch the driver. Most cabins in Savu have not after midnight for this reason. Even if they're spending an evening with relatives, longshore Pijans friends, they make a point of saying goodnight and coffee on the way to the evening where the Pijans have had two or three drinks.

Some Pijans in Savu live in crowded low-price housing developments where they are given a week for an apartment, and some live in ordinary bungalow-type houses but the great majority live in their villages, many in remote spots, on the outer islands, some live here and then to large ships. One of the villages of Viti Levu, which is rugged and mountainous, with fast, high grey plateaus and canyons, accessible only on foot or on horseback. Yet these villages aren't isolated ecological sites. Many close to the coast, many in the center of the city life in a suburb of Vaitutu or Moatutu. There are some to look. Anybody teaching a Pijans on top of the head is in danger of finding him well looking up at him from the ground, and nobody is allowed to touch the chief's clothes, and, particularly in evening villages, it's downright bad judgment to just go barging into a village for a visit. It's customary to present the chief with a white cloth and a bowl of rice and a small gift of money. All the men wear shorts with pockets called *navi* money carry umbrellas, and a few Pijans men still wear their hair in the old high style. One of the most men is a former supervisor of police named George Sapihanga, who took special police training in London, England, and now works with a New Zealander named David Williams. Mingy of Baiti, Tonga, told me he carries his hair around with a bowl of big wooden fork, and even if at night with a scarf to keep it from getting flattened, but he said no more Pijans do this any more. In fact he said, young Pijans who today are just too lazy to have long hair.

We were shown through a village by a young Pijans named Ravine Kaniatiti, who is with the Fiji Veterans' Bureau, and it was hard to get the feeling that the outside and outside were the most part of real daily life than say, we had of talking hands with the right hand Pijans people about their ancestors' noble ancestors. A woman might say to a white friend, or to her own son who is going too much to

that he's lucky he was born after the missionaries arrived as he'd be eaten. When I was with Komana, we passed a big rocky pit and when I asked her what it was for, she said, "It's probably a stone pit," and burst out laughing, at a time when, after these agonizing meals, I was feeling particularly plump. A bulky young man, a close relative of the chief, pointed at the woman of the young girl resident in Canada through a narrow doorway, a boy's summer camp — with slight movement at our interest. Both men showed us easy state of social grace. When I was sitting cross-legged on the beach, a Pijans man of some 60 years old was a Pijans but — a cook, actually, until place of need and barbers, with colored patches of Queen Elizabeth and photographs of football teams on the wall, suddenly realized I'd walked right over the mat in my T. Egan Co. baggies, while my boots had taken their sandals off. When I mentioned it, Komana said quickly, "The custom isn't strictly observed," and added softly, "Anyway, it means you'll have to come back so that you can do it properly."

One of the simplest ways to see Viti Levu is to hire a car. A winding, narrow gravel road goes right around the island, through wooded forests and grassy hills and patches of farmland and plantations. You can drive half way around the island for \$17. My wife and I got an Indian named Shai Pressed (if you're there, and want a good meal, his address is 12 Dorell Road, phone 24480). He was a lookback on crops, trees and the people of the islands, and he drove us through some beautiful countryside. He asked one old Pijans woman in a garden up on a hill to check on some tobacco plants and the man disappeared over the hill with what I thought was an axe, but he came back with about 12 smiling Pijans of all ages — men, women and children — one woman with a plate of coconut topped with a plate of fish. There was a beautiful scene with distant figures of women in colored saris coming down a green mountain. A Pijans and his wife and children were in a grassy grove behind the road. Pressed spoke to him and told him I'd like to taste some coconut milk, and the Pijans, with a kind of laughing expression, pulled one and squeezed it on the stem of a machete, which he set held upright for him, lifted on the coconut and pried the flesh loose, poured the coconut down with a machete lopped off the top and gave it to his little girl to hand to me. She came up to me slowly dressed in beautiful saris and a lace-trimmed blouse, as if she were older, to her father's look like it. It couldn't have been much different from many more that took place when Pijans were discovered, shortly after Christmas.

The Fiji Islands were among the last

South Pacific islands to be explored. Abel Tasman, the Dutch first Indian Company navigator, who in 1643 had found Tasmania and New Zealand (the island, Australia), was the first to see them. He had been caught in a hurricane in a state of coral reefs and afterward glimpsed a few headlands through the rain and mist. Nearly a century and a half later, Captain Cook landed on a tiny island at the far south of the group and saw a few natives disappearing into the bush. But the men who got the first really good look at the islands were the British navy captain William Bligh. When we were put into an 18th-century double-hulled boat, and then taken off to no open boat, he passed between Viti Levu and Vanua Levu, managing to narrow a Pijans war canoe, and narrowly to come back and take a better look at the islands. The Indians, who began to come to Fiji for servitude and an edible sugar called *Witch-ham*, were the shoulder group in Pijans history, demonstrating the marauding power of past by showing native occurrences and generally creating so much trouble that the Pijans appeared to the British to take them into the empire. They became a Crown Colony on October 10, 1874.

There is much, spreading, one- and two-story beach huts specially watched along the shore of Viti Levu in patches of well-kept jungle. We stayed one night at Kavalava Beach Hotel, with the views of the Pacific coastline over the coral beach in our back door. In the evening, sitting around a swimming pool at tables at the end of lounge, we watched a group of Pijans men and women dance and sing, and I found it a little sad, watching the beautiful, skinned, sometimes muscular movements and the rhythmic gestures of hands, and listening to these strong, beautiful voices, while the women looked around. I got the awful feeling that we were all going to see the first kind of "quest and alienating policy." I felt better a couple of nights later in Bera when I wandered down to a place called The Golden Dragon and watched Pijans girls dance the new Canasta girls dance — as if trying to slip a line — a skilled guitar music as useful and as loud as any I've ever heard — while someone flogged a drum with something that made a noise like rhythmic cymbals. The proprietor, a Chinese named Henry Douze, invited me to have a drink and stay to watch some of the Hula dance, and a plump and pleasant Pijans prostitute came over and stood loyally by my side and wouldn't leave me. It was all amazing, and I felt that I was at a time when I had been watching important going for me. It wasn't quiet.

My wife and I also stayed at the Macquarie Hotel in Suva, an enormous place with 119 rooms and a staff of 116 and at the Sky Lodge, not so comfortable and

continued on page 46

Mme. Brodeur isn't surprised that her Maytag Washer has gone 7 years without a single repair.



Shown Here: Standard Models. © 1974 Maytag Corp. 13
Designed by Leonard Glavin & Marjorie G.

"After all, my Maytag Dryer has never needed a repair in 10 years," she writes.

"We live on a farm, so you can imagine how very hard my Maytags work," says Mrs. Laurent Brodeur, Saint-Charles, Quebec.

"Work clothes get so dirty, and you know how clothes go through things. It takes at least 18 loads a week just to keep up."

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See your independent insurance agent or broker for all your insurance needs.



HEADLINE

may be rigid, as movement may increase the pain. With infection, the temperature may be raised — not a common symptom with tension headaches.

□ **Dysmetria** is a well-recognized cause of headache. The pain appears around the eyes and across the temples. It begins during reading or close work and persists for a while afterward.

Your approach to headaches depends on your reaction to pain and how bad and how frequent they are. Properly is an important piece of information for the doctor, and if you decide to consult, it's worth noting the time and duration of each attack. While you may be able to struggle along with the occasional headache, never ignore those that are:

Sudden and severe.

Subsequent to a blow on the head, a fall or injury.

Persistent, even though the pain may be mild.

Followed by unconsciousness, convulsions or distress.

Accompanied by fever.

Recurring, and become more frequent and severe.

Obviously, not a doctor about any headache that interferes with actual activity.

The best way to avoid the common stress headaches, caused by the tension of modern living, is to follow these simple rules:

Eat regular meals, a drop in blood sugar can cause headache. If you can't fit a meal in, try to have at least a snack.

Don't plunge from full activity to complete inactivity. The so-called headache is caused by overworking all kinds of brainwave work on Friday, then reverting completely on Saturday and Sunday. Taper off gradually. Don't sit around doing nothing if you're normally active. Boredom creates its own tension — and headaches.

Try to prevent situations (or people) that cause headaches for you. Then avoid them.

Apart from the popular headache remedies, these things may help ease the pain: A walk in the fresh air (or the freshest you can find). A relaxing bath or shower. Neck massage. Also has been in a different room.

Magnesium, which is a subject in itself, needs professional care. The drug of choice (magnesium tartrate) is available only on prescription, is best given by injection, and can have unpleasant side effects.

Oh, yes, and don't watch too many TV commercials. □



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Montréal



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3. Former *(starting at 10)*
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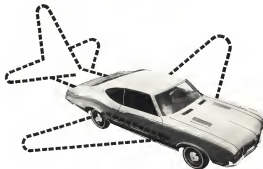
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REVIEWS

FEBRUARY 1971

Suddenly Dave Godfrey is the man most likely to write the great Canadian novel—if he hasn't written it already

BY ROBERT WEAVER

IN THE PAST TWO or three years readers of the small literary magazines, *The Canadian Forum* and *The Toronto Review*, may have sensed that the young Toronto writer Dave Godfrey was working on an unusual novel set in Africa. But from excerpts in these magazines it was impossible to tell the true range and ambition of the novel, now published as *The New Ancestors*. It's a formidable work of great complexity, and it is worth the attention of its reviewers. Peter Snyggowich of the *Toronto Star* called it "a grand novel in the Dostoevski manner" and said of Godfrey, "There is a writer in much here." Novelist Margaret Laurence, writing in the *Globe and Mail*, declared it a "fine, astonishing, exuberant, richly textured and splendidly structured novel."

Godfrey, born 32 years ago in St. Vital, Manitoba, teaches Canadian literature and creative writing at Trinity College, University of Toronto, and is one of the four founders of *New Press*, a radical and national publishing firm. He did his apprenticeship work in the respect of creative writing courses of the University of Iowa. From 1963 to 1969 he served with CSIRO (Canadian University Service Overseas) in Ghana, and there it is an obvious connection between that experience and the conception of *The New Ancestors*. Godfrey also had the good fortune to discover in Margaret Laurence a producer who has published a novel and a collection of short stories with African backgrounds, thus demon-



strating that Africa isn't intrinsically beyond the perception of Canadian writers.

The New Ancestors is a big novel of 400 pages about an emerging African nation called Lost Coast. On a map that Godfrey has provided for his book the fictitious Lost Coast occupies the approximate position of Ghana, and the oblique figure he has created of the nation's liberator and president, the Redemptor, bears a resemblance to Ghana's Nkrumah.

Two plays ago Godfrey was out of those young writers whose fiction was published in its anthology called *New Canadian Writing 1964*. Each of the contributors provided a short introduction to his work, and in his introduction Godfrey wrote: "I'm bored with plots as stories. I choose a lot of language, not language, not character or background or narrative flow, just language."

There is a warning here for readers of *The New Ancestors* who are still committed to traditional fictions.

The novel takes place in the mid-1960s, after the final formal liberation of the country has taken place and it is beginning the struggle to build as a state. (There is no doubt that Godfrey sees more parallels between Lost Coast and Canada than some of his fellow citizens might admit.) The new capitalists—the Americans, the Russians and the Chinese—have entered Africa as the old superpowers retreated. The Redemptor has been changed from his party in literature to the new imagination role of leader of a political state. In the flux of personal and political lyricism that is now

taking place we view Lost Coast through a handful of characters: Gamaliel, the Redemptor's committed supporter, who has returned from America to become a victim of assassination; the liberally disillusioned First Secretary, the staid Englishman Michael Barrow, publisher who of the old imperial past, and others.

The New Ancestors is the impressive and ambitious work of fiction that the reviewers have been describing. Drawn only as a lyrical quality of Godfrey's imagination that has a tendency to run away with itself. But Godfrey's confidence in the book's structure and in its three prose modes (it is almost always compelling, though often difficult, novel to read) reflects both a real self-esteem and a real imagination, and in its probing, its meditation, its action, *The New Ancestors* is a contemporary and associated work in a way that most of the fiction published in Canada is not.

Godfrey told me recently that he brought out of Africa a sense of "the determinism that is built up in a family from generation to generation," and as such (There is no doubt that Godfrey sees more parallels between Lost Coast and Canada than some of his fellow citizens might admit.) The new capitalists—the Americans, the Russians and the Chinese—have entered Africa as the old superpowers retreated. The Redemptor has been changed from his party in literature to the new imagination role of leader of a political state. In the flux of personal and political lyricism that is now



Whatever your favorite sport ...CBC Radio/TV

will start in Canada. He is looking about a study of Canadian and American writers and their differing views about society and the individual, for what may be even more pressing is a novel with the working title *The Confessions Of William Dawood* (Daunerman) a fictional autobiography of a Canadian living in the 1960s, and the last of several proposed novels that are interconnected and about family.

In 1968 Dave Godfrey wrote that the fiction he was planning for the future "is going to be completely un-owned, just dreams and history and the latest discoveries of science." If that is an accurate prediction and *The New Discoveries* a true prelude, the map of Canadian fiction is in for some radical alteration.

The New Discoveries Dave Godfrey, New Press, \$10.00.

LOOK FOR BOOKS

Runners of War, by Ron Haggart and Aubrey Golden, New Press, \$6. *Toronto* In Quebec, *Case Studies of the ELQ*, by Geoffrey Morf, Clarke, Irwin, \$2.50 paperback. *Runners of War* is a formidable critique of the experience of the War Veterans Act. Ron Haggart, a founding columnist for *Toronto's* "little guy" for a dozen years, and Aubrey Golden, leading civil rights lawyer in Ontario, throw light into some dark corners of the October crisis in Quebec. Through interviews with a wide range of arrested Quebecers, they reconstruct the hypocrisy of those headlines of daily morning arrests in all its bawling solemnity. They hit the crisis into its historical, legal and political context, and present a powerful indictment of dangerously panic-prone governments in Ottawa and Quebec City. In *Toronto* in Quebec, a portraitist who has worked with convicted ELQ members in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary presents a highly interpretive but fascinating casebook of the terrorist mind.

More and more symphony orchestras are receiving financial assistance from business. Getting it on your own is not easy — squeezing blood from a stone is the oldest most frequently used in denunciations of the subject — but, as debate continues to the like some easy, out-of-control belgian balloons, the symphonies are working steadily on the solution.

Private patronage is a thing of the past. Governments are getting tighter, national and urban councils are demanding balanced books from the symphonies before delivering their money. Inflation means rising salaries (two thirds of most symphony budgets go for musicians' salaries) and the gap between expenses and ticket sales widens con-

MUSIC

Tonight's concert is brought to you by... money from Business

BY GREG KAREDA



Few are symphony orchestras of Canada, Flury Godmother has had a (face) the usual to be a kind of dowager, domestic denudation who prind the occasion) descend from her aura to pay the man's bills. But she's been strangled and now wears the grained rags of artists, banks, cars, brewers and gas companies — and suddenly there's a symphony in your tank.

More and more symphony orchestras are receiving financial assistance from business. Getting it on your own is not easy — squeezing blood from a stone is the oldest most frequently used in denunciations of the subject — but, as debate continues to the like some easy, out-of-control belgian balloons, the symphonies are working steadily on the solution.

Private patronage is a thing of the past. Governments are getting tighter, national and urban councils are demanding balanced books from the symphonies before delivering their money. Inflation means rising salaries (two thirds of most symphony budgets go for musicians' salaries) and the gap between expenses and ticket sales widens con-

stantly. Only about 40% of the revenue is recoverable by ticket sales, the rest must be raised, begged or extorted. Enter business. Apart from gallery, concession-rides (and deductible) donations, business provided side assistance until a few years ago. But there is separation from Europe. German towns at 500,000, for instance, receive 100,000 specifically through strong business support. Go much for the overriding depth of universal government subsidy in Europe.

David Gillette, chairman of the Toronto Symphony's Business Sponsorship Committee, attempts to tell the concept of business sponsorship in terms of public relations: needed, necessary consciousness. The Toronto Symphony's sponsorship scheme means solidarity to himself "in active partner with the arts." Companies can sponsor concerts: \$1,500 for one, two performances of the same concert for only \$2,500. (The average concert costs about \$25,000 to produce.) In return, they get a four-page insert in the program (enabling them to tell their "corporate story to a representative audience"), adver-

ting in all the media, identifying the sponsor, and on the night of the concert, the president of the company is the guest of honor at the concert (at which a block of seats is available at half price for their guests and clients).

"We make it clear that it isn't a donation," says Gillette. "It's deductible only as a business expense. Now it's a good advertising value. But it's a good public relations. A great vehicle for that warm feeling. If you have stock on the Toronto Stock Exchange it's good to present the image of your company as conscious of and concerned about the city and the country as a whole."

The list of sponsors (including \$50,000 this year, up \$10,000 from last) numbers about 30, covering alphabetically from American Airlines to Xerox of Canada.

"We approached hundreds of companies," says Gillette. "And came away with really more refusals than acceptances. Interestingly enough, we got much better acceptance from advertising agencies (and deductable) than from Canadian companies — that's such a shame — or from large, established companies (Volkswagen in Canada, Motor Industries). They're showing goodwill abroad, showing that they're doing something worthwhile for Canada."

The number of sponsors has increased 35% over last year, and everybody is coming back for more. Indeed, it's conceivable that there may some day be more sponsors than concerts in symphony. The orchestra must prepare programs to rebalance the financial energy in the United States — Boston and Minneapolis, for instance — business sponsor a choir is a symphony orchestra (which means that they pay a musician's salary for a season). Gillette is dubious about its efficacy. "Concerts are wonderful, but it wouldn't be too difficult to obtain adequate recognition for the sponsor. You can't very well say, 'Tonight's first concert is

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It's hoped that companies will sponsor entire series of concerts. The power work here is being done by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Du Maurier cigarettes), which is sponsoring a series of "pop" concerts across the country.

—Nancy, Winnipeg, Canada. Regis (and Joan, fiancée) The nature of the sponsorship varies from city to city, but the certainty of capital is increasingly sure.

The big, governing law around business sponsorship for Canadian orchestras is whether the new Party Government won't want a share in concert planning. (Incidentally, the symphonies, operas or oratorios, is that this would mean coverage of such. Recently, several times tonight in the direction of highlights from *Swan Lake*.) Not so. Walter Homberger, the Toronto Symphony's general manager, says that it simply hasn't been a part of his experience thus far. It's still a matter best left to the artists. And anyway, who says that the businessmen must have inferior taste to the performers? (In England, the Rutland company sponsored — knowing that box-office celebrity was inevitable — a series of five concerts devoted to Berg, Schoenberg and Webern.)

With Pierre Boulez conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, Boulez created a new musical history.) No, what is really troubling is the persistence of the "What's in it for me?" psychosis. Homberger was interested in business sponsorship as a marketing ground between two capitals—the desire for new sources of revenue, and the desire to contribute. But won't that latter impulse eventually be the whole journey by itself? Will business ever give support to the arts out of anything but the attempt to cover itself with the pollen of community solution?

In fact, God knows, a vast idea to knock any form of financial help to the arts — no matter how self-seeking.

But for the arts to survive and mean something, at some point the contributions from business must become more prosaic, more painful and, yes, poorer. □

LOOK FOR/RECORDS

Rock Against The South English (R.A.S.E.) Peter Knapp, of the Jefferson Airplane, has put together this album with a brilliantly motley crew which includes in a group he calls Jefferson Kentucky Grind Steel, Jack Casady, David Crosby and Graham Nash. There are some incredibly good tracks — *Let's Go Together*, *Surreal* and *Here You Are*. The *South English* — which proves that the prosaic dish of varying artistic personalities can create a happy, relaxed, new energy. □

Verdi Requiem (Arista) — get it one of his best recordings. For John Barabara, leads the great New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra in a performance that is serene, wistful, and cruelly alive. The triumphantly classical beauty of Verdi's religious lyric is matched by Barabara's people, emotional approach to tempo and dynamics. The soloists — mezzo Patricia Cullen, tenor Ben Vukobrat, bass Eugene Rastvorov — are fine, and soprano Marnet Caille contributes by accidently beauty. □

Greene's Chorus (Polygram) — This group must surely be an answer to those who refuse to believe that rock music can be witty. Listen to the brilliant lyric reform in *Subterfuge*, or the happy way best of *Here You Are* — *Chorus* which catch the essence of the silly urgency of 1950's rock. This is rock music/vital through wit and wit, and wit, and wit, here's the way of life. To really enjoy yourself at such movies, you have to belong to a private club, a mastery that wants to see only flattening portraits of their. Not since the war movies of the 1940s

REVIEWS

FIRES

For minorities only: Where the movies are going—and why

BY JOHN HOFMEIER



An incoherent moviegoer who sees a new film such as *Joe, Five Easy Pieces* or *Where the Pigeons* is likely to have two reactions: a slight shock—considerable shock if he or she hasn't seen a film for several years—upon realizing that no word is too "blue" for today's movies, followed by dismay upon discovering that movies rarely address themselves to a general audience any more. Nowadays they pointedly exclude whole classes of people and openly snub those people they wish to exclude. It can't simply be the "Tandy picture" that is disappointing; it is the belated picture that has virtually vanished.

Easy Rider, for example, is a deliberately subliminal film. To those inside the youth subculture, it is a surprisingly universal, to those outside, it is a wildly incomprehensible. In *Days In The Sun* everyone has been, in, or is about to be a homosexual, and anyone who doubts the universality of its views is greeted with a snarl. *Five Easy Pieces* provides a mandate for irresponsibility and, like *Easy Rider*, brushes with hostility for anyone who doubts the universality of its view's way of life. To really enjoy yourself at such movies, you have to belong to a private club, a mastery that wants to see only flattening portraits of their. Not since the war movies of the 1940s

have so many films presented such narrow, propagandistic viewpoints.

The most sophisticated film producers speak of our living today in a "fragmented society" in which the "middle ground" is gone, having been "polluted" by hawks and doves, young and old, vegetarians and puritans. Unable to create a single, unifying movie on the subject of war, for instance, Twentieth Century-Fox produced an anti-war comedy, *M*A*S*H*, for doctors and a war-comedy epic, *Tomb Raider*, for hawks. That keeps the studios going, but it doesn't come to grips with the problem our nation is in. In a fragmented society is to retreat to a mythic and subjective world of values, but another — and better — reaction is to make films that meet a new continuum.

The transformation of movies today corresponds to the way in which the novel was revolutionized at the turn of the century. When over a medium has passed its heyday as a mass medium serving a large, homogeneous audience, it becomes a minority medium catering to the specialized interests of many small and different groups.

The English novelist reached the peak of its popularity in the 19th-century "Tandy entertainments" of Charles Dickens. But by the 1950s, when radio and movies were growing more popu-

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used in the face of environmental complexity, and variations in response would be expected.

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But as mass entertainment, the novel had become a specialized art form. And just as the novel passed on to movies the function of providing mass-audience entertainment, novels now have relayed that function to television.

One of the first signs that a medium is changing from a mass medium to a mastery medium is an increase in sexual explicitness. But sexual explicitness is only the beginning. Every convention—moral, aesthetic, political, religious—is questioned in such a period. Instead of presenting "trumpets" before who triumph over every obstacle and overramply moral issues in a rigid system of "right" and "wrong," we begin to get complex, ambiguous, ambiguous.

Just in *Olympus*, *Early Chanterley's Lover* and *Tropic Of Cancer* were declarations of independence for the novel (all the first-time novelist-writers created bodies that weren't meant to be read by "everybody's" idea like Wilcox Spence's) *J Am Canorus* (Yellow) and Alex de Bary's *Chanterley In Denmark: A New Approach* herald the freedom of movies: *J Am Canorus* (Yellow) — a thoroughly being film, but its artistic merits are irrelevant in this discussion — doesn't want to become an NBC Tuesday Night At The Movies substitute. In fact, in political, it wants to establish through abstractly truth and

At the turn of the century there was not much thing in the Jewish novel; homosexual novel in black novel, but ever since the novel ceased to serve a mass audience its mass practitioners have been drawn from minority groups. Today movies have begun to present the specialized interests of ethnic and social assemblages instead of presenting a WASP vision of life in which a member of a minority group plays a token role — usually, a scapegoat — first today represent the interests of blacks (*Up Tight*, *Cotton Comes To Harlem*, *The Great White Hope*), homosexuals (*There Is A Force*).

Band, *The Gay Decadents*) and Jews (Good-bye, Columbus, *The First*, the forthright *Paradise's* *Complains*) and tell stories from the minority's point of view.

By the time James Joyce wrote *Finnegans Wake* he had skirted the novel beyond recognition: there was no plot and practically no characters, simply a linguistic tour de force. To the joy of some, movies have now reached the threshold of this final and most fascinating stage in the transformation of a modern narrative in style and technique. Even after repeated warnings we see one say with assurance what the "meaning" of *Fellini's Satyricon* or *Tornatore's Spider* may be (in Stanley Kubrick's case it is sufficient that 2001 impresses awe and stimulates thought).

Practically every English novelist in the 19th century planned readers to some extent — Jane Austen, George Eliot, William Thackeray, Charles Dickens. But by 1915 the major writers — James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Thomas Mann, Marcel Proust — had developed such an individualistic approach that critics were divided into warning factions and readers of the new "art novel," though greatly increased in number, were enthralled in heated controversies and exhaustive analyses over practically every turn of phrase. And so it is with the new cinema. Many people find them exciting and unsatisfactory, for a minority they are better than ever.

The rest of the new class will not across the lines of class, race and age and help to build a new and unifying consciousness. The second best will import its own best insights about minority life. The third best — and unfortunately they will be the most common — will simply be corrupt propaganda, capitalizing upon the divisions in society, reinforcing as it our existing prejudices, our social isolation, and the inflammatory madness of our economic system. □

WS
TELEVISION

Why should taxpayers subsidize the CBC's commercial overkill?

BY DONALD A. MATHIAS



Yes, in that phrase "wasteful liberalism" handed about a lot these days. Until I read the memoir dealing with public broadcasting in the recent Report of the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media, I lacked a clear understanding of what that phrase meant. Now I know. It means recognizing that an institution is badly in need of reform and then recommending, after a flurry of glib platitudes, that an honest reform be done. The conclusion of the report by Senator Keith Ducey and his committee colleagues concerning the future of the CBC was a major contribution to the overall Canadian tragedy, the cop-out compromise

One of the essentials of wacky-wacky liberalism is ambivalence. On the one hand, the Davey committee reports itself profoundly shocked by a warning from CBC president George Davidson that the corporation's dependence on commercial advertising is affecting the quality and nature of prime-time programming. The CBC, says the Davey report, must be financed in such a way that the head of the CBC need never say something like that again. On the other hand,

the report not only asserts that the CSC's research in the commercial field has allowed the corporation to increase its advertising revenue. The publication also states, as far as it can be determined from the sort of muddy writing the report takes to conclude that where, as contained in one flat statement: "The [the CSC's] commercial revenues is a needed buffer between it and Parliament." Those who suggest the practice, who suggest the slight risk of possible posthumously awarded, is infinitely preferable to the present reality of massive conventional donations are dismissed as "public idealists."

On the Senate floor, Sen. Dwyer called an amendment that would limit the program to 100 hours a year. "I'm a logical idealist. I also want a lot of money of my own and I got the feeling that most members of the Dwyer Committee don't," Dwyer said. He also said that despite Dr. Davidson's warning, the report resembles a blueprint for improving the efficiency of the CBC's sales department as if there were some semblance of a public network left to exploit. Every regular living-room viewer knows this is nonsense. Leaving aside a bare

ful of unsentimental high-brow programs, the CBC already mounts one of the most commercial oriented programming services in the world. It is the only TV network in the world that can somehow extract four-fifths of the operating costs from its viewers in order that they can be captured by advertising for as much as one-fifth of their viewing time. It is, very probably, the only public broadcasting agency in the world with a commercial strategy to collect that it can break a four-year-old's heart.

Last November the CBC screened a shocking 25-minute cartoon special, *Horror Movie A Who*. It was heralded for days in advance by one of the loudest promotion campaigns I've seen — all of which was indeed drumming for *Horror's* sole sponsor, Mural. Two weeks later by air time I'll bet 20% of all Canadian kids under 10 were waking bright-eyed for the device. It was Mural's idea to begin. They were rewarded by a huge concession to maximize the hell-brood shot was frustrated last time for a total of seven minutes 20-second segments plus two 10-second commercial spots.

The fact that these commercial-minded people photograph that may offend children, parents, teachers, at low-cost hours and place commercial advertisements in a way that could raise fundamental questions about advertising ethics is almost beside the point. In this case it was the advertising ethics that did the damage. By the third break my younger son was in tears and his 5½-year-old brother was threatening to drive his visible, Canadian-made truck through the TV screen.

The broadcast-plugger at Mural should have listened to the moral of the show they were mounting with commercial overkill. ("Be kind to your mother-in-law! For a Who may be somebody's mother.") There are now at least two naive Canadian people who have

informed their parents never to buy toys made by "the guys who wrecked *Horror*."

Perhaps more heart-breaking still is the way commercialism destroys the CBC's own best productions. The *Thriller* Canada series based on 13 Canadian short stories was, beyond doubt, the finest English-speaking drama ever anywhere this season. The effort depended largely on mood. Creative writers, actors and directors labored long to create an atmosphere as thick as a falling maple leaf. Yet every Thursday at roughly 9:15 p.m. the mood was shattered by two minutes of heart-tell for such artistic attention to cost and cooked down. If the series had to have commercialism, why couldn't they be at the beginning and end?

In other less visible ways commercialism affects the CBC's important books. In the United States, the U.S. networks voluntarily limit themselves to six minutes of advertising in every prime-time hour. The CBC left eight minutes. Then, after 100 seconds to two minutes is cut out of every hour-long American import. Recently the CBC even went so far as to lop off the final production number of its Ed Riedman special on Richard Rodgers.

I don't see why Canadian taxpayers should be paying \$40 million a year or more for a TV service with a commercial policy so strict that it mutilates almost everything it broadcasts. I don't see why we should be paying \$10 million for a TV service that has any commercial policy at all.

The Dreyer report says the CBC is like a housewife who can't depend on her husband (the government) to supply all the money she needs to run the house in the way it wants to take in working (advertising). That strikes me as a typical wily-wily liberalistic trick. It would be more useful to say the CBC is a housewife who is after a pension where we should either provide enough money to make as honest women of her or kick her on to the streets for good. □

CONTEST

And how about a sex-horror film called Peyton Pulse?

Contest No. 66

"The first sex-horror film ever made" drinks the blue for something current called *The Blood Rose*. A wonderfully appalling combination, one that ought to be such a success as *Peyton Pulse* — "The scary side of *Tommy*." I don't see that the movie and, especially, television would benefit from the rugged ending of other prevailing themes and trends. For example, *Thelma* (Mrs. Alvin) might exert advantage to produce *Canoe Aid* —

"The adventures of a truck-driving judge." Or the CBC could put out *Pit* in a supernatural format. *The Great Mrs. Myer* and come up with *Jackson Of The Spies* — How about cooking and medicine? Or, *The Gullwing* Great One would prize for the best combination with *Edna* (and *Bluffs* if necessary). Address entries to Contest No. 66, Maclean's 441 University Avenue, Toronto 101 Deadline: February 19.

Results of Contest No. 58

Readers were invited to sample with further pleasure by changing a single letter in a word in the style of the grandiose that play here with newspapers. First prize of \$15 goes to Mrs. D. J. M. S. of Saskatchewan for her marvelous military insight that can be read either as an expression of the fickle finger of mortality or as a comment on the construction of retired generals. Old soldiers never die. Second prize of \$15 goes to Jan Jelinek of Winnipeg for his summary of the drugged pensioner policy, which bends the single-letter rule. More luck, less speed. To each of the following, two dollars.

□ When you're number two, you cry harder (Katherine Heller, Saskatoon, NR)

- Politics is the art of the suicide (M. D. S. Green, Toronto)
- Joan loves Mary (Mrs. L. G. Brown, Lindsay, Ont.)
- Merry in haste, repent at leisure (Mrs. J. J. Pallas, Calgary)
- And so they were married, and lived happily ever after (A. J. Boyle, Ottawa)
- I've got more about Harry (Robert W. Olin, Columbus, Ohio)
- The Saturday Evening Post (H. R. DeBel, Etobicoke, Ont.)
- In the beginning was the Ford (Mrs. J. M. Parn, Kemptville, Ont.)
- I am Canada (Pellow) (Mrs. Carlotta Tachibana, Windsor, Ont.)
- So can it be an island (Phyllis Ryshen, Toronto)
- The Sub-Spangled Banner (Mrs. Ruth M. Fitzpatrick, Guelph, Ont.)
- The truth shall make you free (Myrna A. Gossy, Toronto)
- But we forgot (M. Y. K. Mulver, Ottawa)
- Goldfishes and the Three Rivers (Mrs. G. Rieff, Montreal)
- Death beloved (Jan and Gillian, Scarborough, Ont.)
- Johnny's so long at the bar (Gloria Stevens, Winnipeg)
- My cat nuzzles over (Annick Snow, Brantford, Ont.)
- That's water under the bridge (Ellen Renner, Medicine Hat, Alta.)
- With you were her (H. Oskow, Fort Erie, Ont.)
- Woman's Lip (Mrs. Dorothy MacDonnell, Knapik, NB)
- Were do I live here (Mrs. Catherine Bradbury, Guelph, Ont.)
- Kiss and whine (Mrs. Carol J. Paul, Saskatoon, Ont.)

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